EDITORIALS—LETTERS
NEWS FEATURES

New York Tribune

TRAVEL—SHIPPING—CLASSIFIED
AUTOS—RADIO

PART II EIGHT PAGES — SUNDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1922 — EIGHT PAGES PART II

New York Tribune

First to Last—the Truth: News—Editorials—Advertisements

Member of the Audit Bureau of Circulations

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1922

Owned by New York Tribune Inc., a New York Corporation. Published daily. Ogden Reid, President; Helen Rogers Reid, Vice-President; Howard Davis, Secretary; R. H. Maxfield, Treasurer. Address, Tribune Building, 154 Nassau Street, New York City. Telephone, Beekman 2000.

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The American Approach

Secretary Hughes's New Haven speech discloses the Administration's line of approach toward a reparation settlement; and, since a reparation settlement must precede economic adjustment in Europe, the Administration's suggestions are a first move toward that economic rehabilitation of which the whole world stands in need.

What America can do is determined by conditions which Mr. Harding and Mr. Hughes did not create. They have to take account of the tragedy which debarred the United States from direct participation in the execution of the Versailles Treaty. We were detached from our former associates when the Senate failed to ratify. Mr. Wilson strained unduly at a few reservations of merely domestic importance. He slaughtered his own work rather than tolerate personally distasteful emendations to it.

The reparation question was thereby Europeanized. The major Allies were left to fight it out among themselves and with Germany. We have only a reversionary interest, kept alive by our separate treaty with Germany and our Rhineland occupation bill. France, Belgium, Great Britain and Italy have apportioned the German indemnity, and France and Belgium, at least, have an enormous stake in collecting it. However anxious we may be to get rid of the reparation incubus and whatever solution we may ourselves think just, we cannot impose our views on the nations of Europe. They must consent. As Mr. Hughes justly remarks: "We cannot consent for them. The key to the settlement is in their hands, not in ours."

We can, however, in our own interest and in the interest of the world at large, make friendly proposals and offer our co-operation in bringing order out of chaos. The Administration has always held that Germany ought to be made to pay to the limit of her capacity. That is the French view and the Belgian view. It is Mussolini's view also. It is somewhat more distinctly Bonar Law's view than it was Lloyd George's.

But what is the rational limit of German ability to pay? No one can say absolutely. For one thing Germany has never shown any real willingness to pay. Nor has anybody yet taken her by the scruff of the neck and tried to shake her wealth out of her pockets. Short of this method, which would certainly reawaken fierce national jealousies within the Entente, it is clear that political consultation can bring no convincing results. Political considerations will continue to outweigh economic ones and what the world of industry, commerce and finance is looking for will be only imperfectly attained.

The Harding-Hughes proposal is to take the reparation question out of politics. A purely economic body would be asked to estimate German capacity to pay, and the governments most deeply affected would have the option of accepting the finding or not.

Such a plan gives Europe the last word—as it ought to do. But a conclusion fortified by expert economic knowledge would have an enormous moral effect. It would impose on the imaginations of the politicians. Perhaps it might sweep away all obstacles, as the dramatic announcement of the naval holiday and capital ship scrapping program at the Washington conference carried the world off its feet.

The Administration's first move is practical and persuasive. And the reparation problem can be solved from the outside only by a program which is well fortified in both these respects.

Unemployment in Europe

Unemployment in Europe decreased materially in 1922. It hardly exists in some countries—Germany, France and Belgium, for example. It is still acute in two countries which have made the fullest financial recovery, as marked by the exchange value of their currency—Great Britain and Czecho-Slovakia.

According to figures recently compiled in Paris, there are practically no idle workers in France and there has been little unemployment there since the armistice. In Belgium the percentage of idle was 32 in May, 1921; in January, 1922, it was 11.2; in August last it was only 4. Germany's percentage in July was 0.6 and in August 0.7. Out of 14,000,000 German workmen there were only 43,217 this fall hunting for jobs.

Great Britain has been carrying a huge unemployment burden. In June, 1921, there were 2,177,000 workers idle and 998,000 partly idle. Last August the number of idle was 1,378,000 and of partly idle 63,000. The pound sterling has advanced sharply toward par, showing financial readjustment. But industrial recovery lags behind. Great Britain still has a surplus of industrial workers, undrained by emigration.

The Czecho-Slovakian crown has also appreciated. But the new republic has now about 160,000 men out of work. Last July the situation was better, 25,350 unemployed receiving allowances from the state and 22,000 being aided from private sources. Austria is prostrate, financially and economically. Vienna alone had 40,000 unemployed last May, about as many as all Germany.

Poland's mark has shriveled in value. Idleness there is also on the decrease. Last February 183,000 unemployed were reported. In June the total had fallen to 105,000. Italy, too, has taken a big turn for the better. Last July there were only 407,000 out of work, compared with 766,000 six months earlier. Switzerland's unemployed decreased from 146,000 in February to 80,000 at the end of July. Holland has overcome unemployment. In the Scandinavian countries the percentage of idle is now almost normal. Despite pessimism and political friction Europe is mending beneath the surface, although the healing process is unobtrusive and slow.

Whalen's Bridge

The bridge that Commissioner Whalen proposes to build across the East River would cost more than $50,000,000. The preliminary estimate for structure and terminal is $41,000,000. Enterprises of this sort, particularly when conducted by Tammany, always far exceed the original estimates.

In the opinion of all intelligent traction engineers bridges are far inferior to tunnels as a means of cross-river transportation. They require large tracts of land at each end, which must be acquired by condemnation proceedings. Tammany always battens on the purchase of land. Plunkett used to call it "honest graft."

Yet Whalen is determined to build the bridge, confident that he will have the backing of Tammany. Tammany wants the bridge, because its members have lacked an opportunity like that for a long time.

So, despite the opinion of engineers, despite the fact that a bridge is cumbersome and out of date and that it will cost an already tax-burdened people many times what it ought to cost, it is likely to be built.

The one hope of the people lies in a Republican Assembly, which has the power not only to veto this gigantic scheme, but to keep the control of all means of transit, including means to carry people from borough to borough, in the safe hands of the Transit Commission.

A Mysterious Race

It would be a mistake to assume from a casual reading of the address by Professor Roland B. Dixon before the American Association for the Advancement of Science that African negroes were the first inhabitants of the American continent. His theory is that among the ancestors of the American Indians of to-day are members of the so-called negroid-australoid race, which inhabited the mainland and islands of southeastern Asia and Australia. In external characteristics this group is thought to be affiliated to the negroid races of Africa. And his theory is only a theory.

The interesting thing about Professor Dixon's idea is not so much the Australian or Asiatic origin of such a negroid-australoid race as it is that the American Indian is the product of successive waves of different types of people. Besides this australoid group he believes he has found traces of a Caucasian type coming from Central Asia and of a more distinctly mongoloid type. At what period these came he does not attempt to say, nor to what extent the blending took place. He maintains, however, that successive waves sometimes amalgamated with the tribes already on the continent and in other cases drove out the first comers to seek refuge in out-of-the-way places. From the blending of these types developed the American Indian of to-day.

All such theories are, of course, highly speculative. The real origin of the Indian still remains a mystery. But Dr. Dixon makes an important contribution to the subject by his plea for considering the peopling of this continent on the same basis as the peopling of Europe and Asia. It is generally accepted, for example, that successive waves of peoples swept over Europe. Their remains show that they were of different types, although most of them belonged to the Caucasian or white race. Dr. Dixon's contention is that similar waves of different peoples swept over America.

That these were, as he suggests, of as widely different types as the Caucasian and the negroid-australoid races will, of course, be contested by many anthropologists. But the analysis which he has begun of the different types shown in the Indian remains may well shed invaluable light upon the mystery of the origin of the American Indians and may show that the American Indians are in reality a composite race instead of being, as used to be thought, of mongoloid origin.

Dining

We pose for the philosopher this grave question: Is there such a thing as truly "dining" in public, as so many of us dine in New York on New Year's Eve? Humanly speaking, the question might be said to answer itself. The occasion is fraternal. Good will overflows. The stranger at the next table is automatically a friend. Even the most critical members of society may look with a sympathetic eye upon one another, admitting under the pressure of the New Year's spirit that the Colonel's lady and Judy O'Grady are sisters under the skin. And in the hotels, restaurants and cabarets it is, after all, possible for the exacting searcher to find good food well cooked. But will he find the serenity that is inseparable from the authentic art of dining?

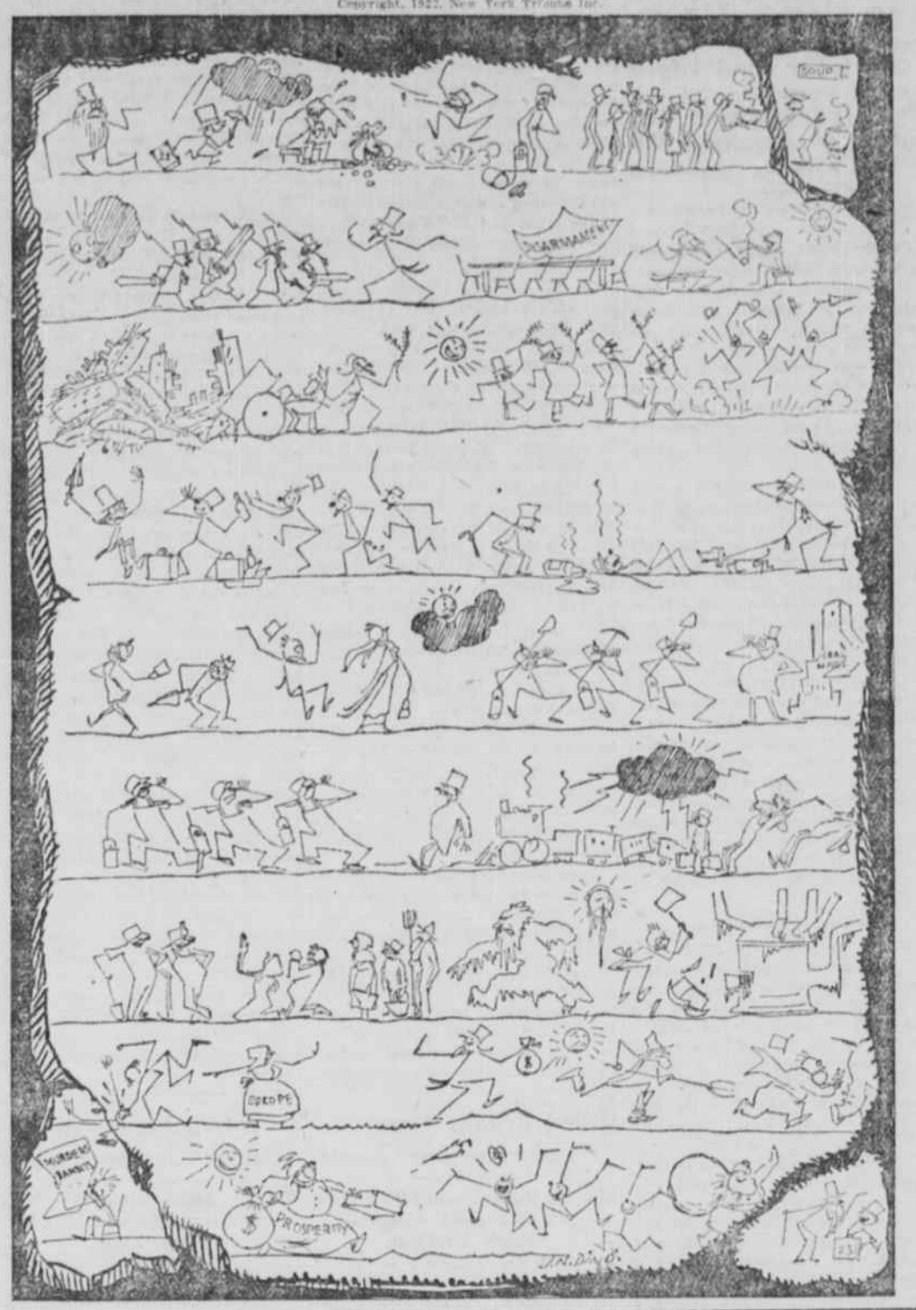
This city is provided with everything for the diner, from skilled chefs to delicacies magnificently out of season, yet it is hardly, as yet, what you would call a gourmet's paradise. And we are not sure that it is the fault of the public "host," so called. No; it is one of the penalties we pay for our national boast of "quantity production." The finest artist in cooking that ever lived would flourish in New York, as an artist, for only a few brief hours or weeks. Then he would be discovered, he would be swamped with orders, he would put in electric lights and a band, and his place would be packed with persons come not to dine but to feed.

Paris has had its losses in this sphere. The Maison Dorée faltered and died. The Café Anglais went its way. Long ago the Tour d'Argent became perilously popular, and popularity will kill a sauce as quickly as too much vinegar. We remember a dish of strawberries at the Foyot that used to be delectable. When they took to making it in bulk it subsided into the dulness of a staple. Who shall bring back to us the magic of Solari's, the old haunt of quietude on University Place that Sam Ward and Pierre Lorillard used to frequent and influence? We, too, have suffered losses. There were other places in which the New Yorker could dine and meditate in silence. Now he eats, poor thing!

Haste has done a lot to land him in his predicament. Your gourmet dining in a hury is a contradiction in terms. As well ask him to dine where there is noise, or dancing, or too much light. One of the noblest sights that the great art can supply is that of a grizzled Frenchman reposing behind his favorite table at some such modest restaurant as the Drouant and savoring with reverence the melted ivory of his Camembert. It is a lesson in appreciation and wise self-discipline. The theater, of course, has been responsible for a cruel quickening of the pace, both here and abroad. Think of what it has done to that once honored institution, the after-dinner Havana! We shrink from advocating the abolition of the theater. And yet——

Well, the new year is here. Heaven knows what it may bring! But this is a time always suitable for the searching of hearts, and men may well look solemnly, as they face the new year, into this question of what they have been doing at the table. Let the maker of good resolutions ask himself, with Hermione, "Have I dined, or have I failed?"

A RECENT ARCHAEOLOGICAL DISCOVERY WHICH GIVES US THE FIRST DEFINITE CHRONOLOGICAL INFORMATION ON THE LIFE AND HABITS OF THE ANCIENT HISTORICAL PERIOD OF 1922



Bernhardt's New York Debut — By James L. Ford

TWOSCORE years have passed since that memorable night when one of the most distinguished audiences ever seen in New York assembled in Booth's Theatre to assist at the first appearance of Sara Bernhardt. From that time on that gifted actress has appeared here continually, the only player using an alien tongue who has visited us at frequently recurring intervals to the enjoyment of the public and her own profit. Duse, who conquered New York in a single night, enjoyed one successful season and failed when she came here again. Salvini, whose Othello remains an ineffaceable memory with those who saw him, failed to make money for his manager. Of Rossi the same may be said even more emphatically; nor did that finest fruit of the Theatre Moliere, Coquelin, do the business he more than deserved.

Let it be remembered, moreover, that Mme. Bernhardt is almost the only great actress of our times whose intellectual powers are such that she can act as her own manager. Both Rachel and Patti failed when they sought to dispense with the services of a manager in this country. Mme. Bernhardt, moreover, is a past mistress in the arts of publicity. She arrived on the foamy crest of a vast wave of blended fame and notoriety that had been gathering in volume for many years and finally won for her the title of "Sara Barnum." She was brought here by Henry E. Abbey, and was the first of that impresario's many successful speculations in foreign genius.

Abbey had been a jeweler in Akron, Ohio, when he attracted the notice of the "dramatic cocktail," Lotta. According to Rialto legendry, he would have married her but for the opposition of her mother, and it is quite certain that he became her manager and was backed by her in some of his early ventures. During the '70s he managed the Park Theater, at Broadway and Twenty-second Street, surviving the months of theatrical depression that followed the Brooklyn Theatre fire, and establishing his credit so firmly that at the dawn of the '80s he was able to obtain money for more ambitious speculations. It was commonly reported that a group of men headed by Andrew J. Dam, of the Union Square Hotel, supplied the sinews of war for the Bernhardt venture.

No foreign star who has appeared here in my memory came heralded by such a wealth of alluring publicity as did Bernhardt. Her artistic renown was feeble in comparison with the personal notoriety that piqued the curiosity of American playgoers. The saying of some Parisian wit that "an empty carriage drove to the stage door of the Comédie Française and Sara Bernhardt alighted" had been scattered broadcast through the land, in company with the tale that she habitually slept in a coffin. Much of this notoriety was of such a daring and unusual nature that the wiseacres of Union Square wagged their heads ominously and declared that Abbey was a fool to take such chances with the moral American public.

We must bear in mind that at the beginning of the '80s we had not acquired the thin veneer of sophistication by which so many of our advanced thinkers are now distinguished. The church element was not as friendly to the stage as it is now, and the number of persons who prided themselves on the fact that they had never entered the doors of a playhouse was surprisingly large. Therefore, the advertised appearance of a woman who referred to her son as her "petit accident" aroused a storm of opposition, and caused innumerable excellent men and women to declare that it was a sin to witness a stage performance of such a woman, when Mary Anderson could be seen for a less price. But Abbey had not studied public opinion in vain, and in his eyes all publicity relating to this most unusual woman was worth money.

Curiosity, which always plays a significant part in the make-up of the American mind, was raised to the nth power long before the steamer bearing the illustrious artists started for this country. The usual excursion down the bay to meet the incoming boat and enable a swarm of reporters to clamber up its side was a matter of such intense public interest that columns of newspaper space were devoted to its recital. No society leader had the hardihood to offer to entertain this most eminent of actresses but, if my memory serves me right, Mr. Bob Cutting, the father of the one who in more recent years had a brief stage career, gave a dinner for her at which only men were present. But this lack of social recognition did not disturb either Mr. Abbey or his star, for both knew that the pronounced hostility of the pious element would arouse a supporting both of even greater size.

It was therefore with a great volume of popular discussion behind her that Madame Bernhardt in the character of Adrienne Lecouvreur faced the first of her many American audiences on that well remembered night. Well do I remember the occasion, and never before nor since have I seen such an unusual assemblage. It included persons of social and intellectual eminence who had seen and appreciated her in Paris; a still larger number who desired to see if she were really as thin as the papers reported or if she looked quite as startling as she was; the usual body-guard of professional critics and a gallery full of excited French people. The outburst of welcoming applause was of unprecedented vigor and duration and was succeeded, after the briefest moment of silence, by the sound of a voice as clear as a silver bell.

Accustomed as she was to such demonstrations, the actress showed no signs of special emotion and probably did not feel it, but there came a moment when, as she confessed afterward, she was startled from her usual calm. Suddenly, in the midst of a scene that had held her auditors absolutely silent, there came a noise like the sweep of wind through a forest, while a great white wave seemed to sweep over the house. Not until the close of the performance did any one appear to explain these phenomena. The spectators had come provided with translations of the play in broad pamphlet form, and it was the turning of the first page in every part of the house at the same instant that created the rustling sound and the appearance of white-capped waves.

So many and varied were the schemes for attracting notice devised by this incomparable artist and show woman during her subsequent seasons here that it is impossible to enumerate them. I may, however, mention one which she employed when she returned here about a dozen years ago. Although conscious of the American fondness for youthful stage talent even when it is immature, she made no attempt to disguise her age. On the contrary, she greeted every reporter who welcomed her on the steamer with outstretched hand, saying: "Would you believe it, the captain of the steamer gave a dinner last night in honor of my sixty-sixth birthday! Yes, I am sixty-six years of age."

This bit of information was telegraphed to every city in the land, the result being that when she did appear her audiences were surprised and delighted to find her looking so young.

Fact and Fiction

(From The London Times)

M. Baudrillart, in his address on "Virtue" to the French Academy, has uttered a common complaint about French literature, namely, that it misrepresents the character of the French people—to those who do not know them. This misrepresentation, he seems to think, is modern. "There was perhaps a time when dramatists and authors painted a faithful picture of the society in which they moved." But, if so, it was in a golden age, in which every one had talent. For without talent it is impossible to paint such a picture. It may seem to us that this golden age did exist in the past; but that is only because writers of talent alone survive from the past. If we read the mass of romances, written in any age when romances were abundant, we should find that, one way or another, they misrepresent that age.

The fashion in France is, and long has been, to caricature for the sake of a spurious and adventitious excitement. Novelists and playwrights, fearing that if they aimed at truth they would be merely dull, hope to escape dullness by imagining a world in which every one breaks, or hopes to break, the seventh commandment. They fail because breaches of the seventh commandment are not interesting in themselves; but many of their readers do not know this. The mere expectation of a breach arouses their interest. L'amour is to them the only way of the imagination into poetry, and they never discover that immorality can be, and often is, as dull as inopportune moralizing.

We in England pride ourselves on the freedom of our literature from this Gallic taint, but we, too, might complain that it distorts the character of the English people. For our fiction is full of breaches of other commandments, much fuller of them than our life is. Murders, for instance, are much commoner in fiction than in fact; and think of all the villainies of the films. If any one took his idea of the United States from them what a world of wickedness and lunacy he would believe in. But, of course, no one believes in it. We know that even the Wild West is not nearly so wild in fact as on the films. We accept their convention, if we care for them at all, as a necessary condition of our enjoyment.

We are able, as Dr. Johnson pointed out in discussing the unities, to distinguish between make-believe and fact, and the world of moving pictures, of detective stories, of melodrama is for us all make-believe. And so it is with the French world of L'amour. Those who, after reading French novels or seeing French plays, exclaim against the immorality of French society must do so because they wish to believe in the wickedness of foreigners. So, too, some stupid Frenchmen have exclaimed against the brutality of the English after reading our fiction. It is merely a difference of convention that governs bad writers, a difference in the way of escape from the hard task of telling the truth in fiction.

In the eighteenth century there was, both in France and in England, a romantic convention of impossible virtue; but that did not mean that the mass of men were impossibly virtuous, or indeed more virtuous than they are now. These conventions have little to do with facts; bad art of all kinds is an escape from fact; it never calls a spade a spade, though it may describe a spade either with undue refinement or with irrelevant violence. But in either case it is not safe to go to it to discover the real nature of a spade.

"France Wants to Live"

She Cannot Force Full Reparations Without Compensating Aid

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: The very editors and Senators who clamor for a reduction by France of the amount justly due her by Germany for reparations for premeditated ravages are at least equally clamorous that the United States shall not abate by a dollar the debts which France and the other Allies owe this country for the cost of American munitions used in carrying on the war after we entered it. Under their pressure Congress has tied the hands of the Administration as regards any adjustment of inter-Allied debts, supposedly in order to get them paid in full, although actually payment is made thereby wellnigh impossible.

Yet these editors and Senators must know that it would be suicidal for France to take out of the asset side on her balance sheet any part of the claim for reparations for which she has had to advance to date some $7,000,000,000, in view of Germany's failure to pay, as long as on the liabilities side there remains the item of $3,500,000,000 due the United States for war debts. So far the owners of German wealth, both inside and outside of Germany, have succeeded by the systematic evasion of taxation in contributing nothing toward reparations while increasing their wealth enormously. They do not intend to pay.

What, then, do these editors and Senators want? That France should consent to do more for Germany than the United States is willing to do for France?

The aforesaid editors and Senators are loudly clamorous that France shall even further reduce her army and shall give up the protection of the Rhine, which has proved so far the only effective barrier against recurring German invasions, of which France has experienced an average of two a century for 2,000 years. But the selfsame editors and Senators are even more emphatic in the demand that the United States shall have no part in any arrangement whereby France shall be assured and Germany warned that any German attack on France will be resisted by the combined efforts of the great powers which with France—indeed, thanks chiefly to her sacrifices—saved their common liberties from the threat of German domination. What do these editors and Senators expect? That France shall commit suicide to please them and their German friends? In the words of Mr. Clemenceau, "France wants to live."

After the edifice of the world peace had been erected its main pillar was removed when the co-operation of the country which, when peace came, was richest and most powerful was withdrawn. It is for the President to take the leadership in the restoring of that indispensable prop of world peace. All countries are willing to do their share to uphold world peace except Germany and Soviet Russia, and, so far as the latter are concerned, their resistance will not last long after the United States will have shown them that it is not inherently impotent to act. Where there is a will there is a way.

MAURICE LEON.

New York, Dec. 29, 1922.

Continued Shortage

(From The Chicago Daily News)

Bobbed hair is coming back, according to a Paris fashion expert. Yes, and short skirts are not being lengthened as fast as the style doctors predicted.

A Week of Verse

This Hand

(From Vanity Fair)

THIS hand you have observed,
Impassive and detached,
With joints adroitly curved,
And fingers deftly matched:

Blue-veined and yellowish,
Ambiguous to clasp,
And secret as a fish,
And sudden as an asp:

It doubles to a fist,
It droops, composed and chill;
The socket of my wrist
Controls it to my will.

It leaps to my command
Tautened, or trembling lax:
It lies within your hand
Anatomy of wax.

If I had seen a thorn
Broken to grape-vine bud;
If I had ever borne
Child of our mingled blood;

Elixirs might escape;
But now, compact as stone,
My hand preserves a shape
Too utterly its own.

ELINOR WYLIE.

R. H. L.

(From The Bowling Green to The New York Evening Post)

BLUE herons up the creek
Late in September,
Flying from our caique—
Do you remember?

Swamp alder bushes bright
In dull November,
Burning for our delight—
Do you remember?

Gone all the red and blue
This dark December—
Gone though your laughter, too,
Death can't extinguish you
While we remember!

SYLVIA LOINES.

From Ten Songs of the Dead Singer in Kioto

(From The Measure)

I

WE WATCHED.
Up the twisted ribbon to the hill
they took him.
So great a silence for a child.
A drop of dew is taken from a white
rose-petal
By the thirsty sun.

II

How the rain drips from the rotting
eave
And with a silver word
Startles the goldfish to a sudden turn
In the green-black pond:
This is my song to-day.

III

For the emperor a box of gold
And the deepest chiseling of ivory.
For me the brown roots and the ragged
green
And the lightest foam of the cherry
tree.

GEORGE O'NEIL.

Elise, 1848

(From The London Spectator)

OVER the fireplace
Sit the grave ancestors.
Pictured in pastel,
Five in the group.

Quaintly-capped mother
Sewing fine needlework,
Star-loving father
Reading his manuscript.

Two fair daughters—
Kate with her drawing,
Elise standing whitely
By grandpapa's shoulder.

Elise, in her whiteness,
Loving and idle,
Envied the others,
So busy and wise.

Elise, in her beauty,
And sweetness of heart,
Captures, for ever,
Us who come after.

MARY E. JOHNSON.

First Snow

(From The Bookman)

A FLIGHT of snowflakes over the
hedgerows whirling
Muffled the valley in whiteness
like a dream;
And down the hillside with soft, guttural purling
Bubbled and chuckled a sly, vagrant
stream.

Black were its waters against the gathering glory
Of bank and bowlder buried thick with
snow . . .
And I remembered summer, like an old
story
Told by an old man very long ago.

J. L. McLANE JR.

Potentialities

(From The Outlook)

AND if my hand should touch you,
well, what then?
Could finger-tips disclose what thought
has missed,
Or wake the sleeping sorceries that
twist
Your mouth almost to smiling? In all
men
I doubt not there is something kept
apart,
Not meant to be disturbed. (As in
my breast,
Darkly, I cherish the small seed of rest.)
What curious thing is hidden in your
heart?

I will not ask. I shall not wonder much,
Save at the peace that broods upon
your face,
As if you dwelt secure in a far land
Remote from thoughts of me and from
my touch;
And this I know is your desired safe
place,
And so I will not reach to you my hand.

BERNICE LESBIA KENYON.